

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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LETTER IV.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

DEAR ALICE—You will often hear people speak of the unkindness of the poor towards each other, and some have felt so much pained at this hardness of heart as they call it in them, as to lose some of their compassion for their sufferings. The explanation of this as far as it is true, is partly this: those poor who are willing to ask for pecuniary aid are among the lowest and most debased, and it is just this portion of them that the charitable rich know the most of. Modest poverty, if it deserves the name, is little known, and does not from its very nature receive its due. The clamorous sufferer is apt to be the most pitied and his character is made the standard by which we judge of his fellows in misfortune. When

therefore any one relates instances of the want of feeling for each other among the poor, I only consider it an evidence of what their own experience has been, but I still retain my conviction that there is another side to the picture, and though I do not think it true that

"The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
Of his morsel, a morsel will give,"

I do believe they are quite as likely to give as the rich, and that their morsel, in the eye of Him who sees the heart, is a greater and more acceptable charity than many of the gifts of their more favored brethren. But to my stories which I promised you in evidence of the kindness of the poor to each other.

One evening a little girl of about ten years of age was seen walking in a hurried manner across the common; she had no bonnet on, and seemed bewildered and frightened. It was nearly dark, and her appearance at this hour attracted the attention of the passers by, but no one stopped to speak to her. At last a dressmaker, returning from her day's work, saw her; she also was struck by her appearance as others were, but she did not pass her by, but went immediately up to her, and asked her where she was going.

"I don't know," said the child.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Newton," she replied.

"How did you come?"

"I walked."

"Have you any home?"

"Yes, but I did not want to stay there, and thought I

would come away ; so I walked on the road till I got here, and now I don't know where to go."

"Are n't you tired and hungry ?"

"Yes, very."

"What did you mean to do ?" the dressmaker asked.

"I did not know what to do ; I felt frightened."

By this time three or four people, men and women, had collected round her ; but no one proposed anything, no one save the poor dressmaker ; she took the child's hand and said, "Come with me." A gentleman who was standing by took out some money and said he would pay for a night's lodging for her. "I will give her one," said the dressmaker ; "but we must advertise her, and find her parents, and see that she is taken good care of till they come and take her home. The man then, who was evidently a rich man and had a kind heart, gave the dressmaker five dollars to pay her board during the time. "I want no pay for her board," said the poor woman, "but this shall go for the expense of finding her friends and sending her home."

She took the little girl home, she fed her and put her into her own bed ; she owned but one. She took the tenderest care of her ; she found it necessary to stay at home and neglect her work for some time till she could get news of the child's parents. She learned from her that she had no own mother, but, with great gentleness with the child, she induced her to tell her every thing about her family, so that she could get news to them of where their child was ; and when at last a man and his wife came to see if it was indeed their child, she would not let them see her till they had both solemnly promised that they would not punish her for running

away. For a week this poor dressmaker had devoted herself to this forlorn, unhappy child, had given up her work, and of course all her daily means of living for that time. Was not her charity greater than that of the kind hearted rich man who gave her five dollars and never thought of her again?

This same woman, on another day, when coming home from a day of hard labor, saw a woman leaning against a house; she went to her and asked her what was the matter; the woman replied, that it was none of her business and she wished she would let her alone. The dressmaker perceived she was intoxicated and feared to move lest she should fall. Was she discouraged in her charity by this or her rudeness? No; she spoke still more kindly to the poor drunkard, and said, "Lean on me and I will walk home with you; I am a friend; I don't wish to trouble you." The woman accepted her offer and took her arm. A young man, who when he heard the dressmaker speak to the poor creature, had said to her, "You had better let her alone, she is drunk," now came forward and took her other arm and helped the unhappy woman home. Who was the teacher of the law of mercy then? was it not a poor dressmaker?

I have still another story of her. A year or more ago, there was a fire in a part of Boston where there were a great many of the dwellings of the poor, and the havoc it made among their small possessions was frightful. Many who went to bed the owners of a comfortable bed and little furnished room and kitchen utensils and decent clothes for themselves and children, found themselves in the morning stripped of every thing to the garment they happened to have on when they awoke with



the flames all around them, and could only save themselves and family from its fury by instant flight. Around the ruins are seen idle boys, and men losing their manhood in the contemplation of the ruin that had fallen upon them. Among them you can see a woman earnestly asking questions of them ; she had a large bundle in her arms, and a boy by her side with another. She inquires for every poor person that has suffered ; she finds each and all ; she gives from her own small means ; she goes to the rich and tells them of the distress of these poor creatures ; she forgets that her time is her money ; she does not rest till before many days, all are relieved : and this also was the poor dressmaker.

One night a watchman heard a child crying petulantly for a long time, in a house where he knew many drunken and riotous people lived, and as he had often warned them that their bad deeds would be punished, he went for the proper officers, and they came and entered the house to see what was the matter. They found a poor little girl about two years of age lying with only her night dress on, upon an old coat on the floor in a cold room, while the mother was engaged in some drunken frolic in another, with some bad companions, regardless of her crying child. They were all taken under the care of the officers to be sent the next day to the house of correction. " What shall be done with the poor baby ? " said the watchman. The mother wanted to take it with her, but this could not be allowed. " You do not deserve to have the pretty little thing with you," said the watchman — he had taken the child in his arms, and wrapped a piece of his coat round it, and its little round face was pressed against his rough cheek, while

its flaxen curls looked like sunshine as they fell against his black head—its little hand was holding fast the great collar of his watchman's coat, and it seemed to cling to him for protection.

"Who will take the child?" he again said; "that woman will be kept long enough in the house of correction, and what will become of this poor little girl?" Far richer men than he stood by, for a number of people had assembled to witness the breaking up of this riotous house. No one spoke; the little girl nestled down and began to shut her eyes as if she felt safe and at home in the poor watchman's arms. "Well," said he, "I guess my wife will take her; we ha'nt got but six, and we'll find a place for her." He took her home; he had to wake up his wife, who had been long in bed. "Here, wife, I have brought you another girl."

"Why, John, what do you mean by bringing that child here? We have got six already."

"Then there's room for another, I know," said he; "and the more the merrier; any how you must take this one, for nobody else will."

"She is a pretty little thing," said the wife.

"Her mother is to be put into the house of correction; she's a good for nothing brute; and 'tis too hard the poor innocent child should have to suffer; so, wife, you must e'en take her. God will give us the means to feed and clothe her and the rest of them."

"Well! we can't see her starve no how," said the wife, "and how cold she is!" So she folded her arms round the poor baby, and pressed it to her bosom, and laid down on her pillow again to sleep. And were not the angels of God hovering round her? What house in

all Boston that night could have better borne the eye of the All-seeing?

These were very poor people ; they brought up the child as their own. A few years afterwards a clergyman and his wife who had no children heard of this child and wanted to adopt it as their own. The watchman and his wife made it a condition when they gave the child up that the little girl should have the very best education, or they would not part with her, and then it was only for her own good that they gave her up.

These are *facts* that have come to my knowledge. May we not take it for granted that within every one's reach are facts as full of interest and value if the little obstructions to a right knowledge of our fellow-beings could be removed, and we could only know more? What are these obstructions? O how shall they be removed? How shall we know more about the great world of souls in which we are living? We are surrounded by spirits, living spirits, and yet we almost forget that there are any such thing as spirits existing. We almost forget that we are all more truly souls than we are bodies, for our bodies are changing and dying daily, but our souls never change and are soon to put on immortality. The poorest beggar is as certainly to exchange corruption for incorruption as the most favored child of fortune. "One event happeneth to all men."

Dear Alice, when you think of these things, cannot you tolerate the city? Has it not its beauties, its glories as truly as the country? They are to be sought for in the spirit of him who lived with publicans and sinners, and found there his best and dearest friends.

Your friend, E. L. F.

## THE BIRTH-DAY.

HARRY was a little boy who loved fun very much, and loved what was still better, to do right; he was a cheerful and happy little fellow, and never seemed to think the days long enough for him to do all the things that his little head conjured up, for here, in this little head of his, he had many notions and thoughts, that came, and went, as fast as the bees go, and return to their hive; but he had the advantage of the bees, for his thoughts would go up to the stars, and down into the mine in the depths of the earth, while the bees only went into the neighboring fields, to get their supplies, and poor things, they sometimes found their hives taken away, while Harry was always sure to find his head upon his shoulders, just where it always had been, ever since he was born; and I don't believe he ever thought of its being looked into, to see how good honey he had collected there, or that any body was ever coming to steal any of the pleasant things that made him a pleasant little companion.

He was one day uncommonly frolicsome, and seemed more than usually talkative; indeed he seemed a little important, as if he had had some honor conferred upon him; at last, it came out that the next day he was to be six years old.

With all Harry's fun there was at times a thoughtfulness about him that showed he was superior to the bees in more things than one; it is not likely that the bees trouble their heads much about their birth-days, or care how old, or how young, they are, as long as they get honey enough, while Harry was evidently very much



interested in the thought that the next day he was to be six, instead of five years old : he did not see exactly how it was that going to bed five, he should get up six, and as he bade his mother good night, and gave his last kiss for that day, there was a little anxiety upon his brow of how the affair was going to turn out. But before his brain was troubled a great while upon the subject, sleep came, and relieved him from his perplexity.

The first thought when Harry awoke in the morning was, that it was all over ; and he was launched into another year, and nearer to being as old as his grown up brother ; was really six years old, and should never again be as young as five. He put on his five years old clothes with some doubt whether they would actually fit him ; he found to his surprise that they fitted him just as well as when he was five ; he thought there must be some explanation of this, and went directly to his mother's bedside, and said in a low tone expressive of disappointment, " Mother, I don't feel any bigger though I am six years old." His mother's answer was a kiss, and soon our little Harry forgot all but the fact that he was six years old, and was going to have his little friends come in the afternoon to celebrate his birthday.

Now this same story has a lesson in it, which I believe is also true. Great, as well as little folks, all have a feeling upon birth-days and new year days, which makes them thoughtful, because they perceive then, more distinctly, the passage of time ; and they are led, perhaps, to look forward to that last birth-day and that last new year which is to come to all ; and when that time comes, if they have led good lives they will, like little Harry,

be unusually cheerful, and perhaps, though older than he, they will also expect to feel differently when they awake and find that they have actually entered upon a new existence : but will they not be as much mistaken as he was ? They will find that their habits of thought will like Harry's clothes be just the same, and that they are after all the same beings ; that they have taken into another world all that belonged to them in this, and if they are not ashamed, but only astonished, they will receive as Harry did, some mark of love, and resume their lives as he did, only with the additional pleasure of the company of those dear friends who rejoice to celebrate with them this their last and happiest birth-day.

S. C. C.

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### THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

THE Sister of Charity threads the street,  
And ye know her well by her raiment meet ;  
The proud ones pass her with scornful eye,  
She marks not their chariots rolling by,  
About, about, through court and through lane  
Though the dust and mud her garments stain ;  
To cellar below and garret above  
She hastes, still hastes, on her task of love.

No other work her life doth know  
But to glide like Mercy through scenes of woe,  
With the gentle word and the kindly deed  
To the sick and suffering thus to speed ;

Hospitals ope their doors to her,  
When she smiles, the dying begin to stir,  
The hopeless and mad look up once more  
When her form comes gliding through the door.

The Sister of Charity hath resigned  
All that a human heart may bind,  
Save the one strong cord that holds her fast  
To each soul whose joy in life is past.  
Father and mother knows she not,  
Husband nor children bless her lot,  
Lonely she goes on her humble way,  
Not joy nor pain her foot can stay.

In Catholic lands doth she only dwell ?  
And seek her rest in the convent cell ?  
Ah ! trust me, these eyes have seen and blessed  
Spots near home, by her pure feet pressed,  
Have seen the maiden we dearly love  
In her happy home a peaceful dove,  
Steal gently out to the home of wo,  
And her step its wretched inmates know.

She wears no raiment that shows her task,  
And to shun home-cares she doth not ask ;  
The daughter, and sister, busy is she,  
And her smile the fireside lights with glee.  
But a Sister of Charity still she walks  
In the lanes and courts where anguish stalks,  
And in lowly rooms you hear her praise,  
And a blessing she is, in a thousand ways.

H.

## SCENES OF WAR.

WE give the above title to the following vivid sketches, translated from the auto-biography of M. Koenig. They are presented to our young friends, not so much for their entertainment as for their instruction, to show them the misery and degradation belonging to that state in which man seeks to kill and injure his brother man.

In general, history presents war upon so vast a scale, counting up the opposing hosts by thousands and tens of thousands, and the slain on battle fields by hundreds and thousands, that though the imagination may be dazzled and overpowered, the heart remains unmoved. Our feelings cling to the individual, and must be excited by details; the *one* dying soldier or wounded officer, touches our sensibility more deeply than prostrate battalions; and it has been truly said, that the greatest philanthropist would feel more deeply, on being told that he should certainly lose his little finger the next day, than on hearing that the mighty empire of China had been swallowed up in an earthquake.

To us, the attraction of the following sketches consists in their being linked to the history of the narrator, and in their minute and familiar homeliness — the dreadful and the ludicrous being mingled together with the truthfulness of actual life. The incidents, though sometimes trifling, are such as only war could have produced; and we know not where to find in a smaller compass, a more impressive delineation of the lawless license afforded by this dire enemy of God and man, to the low vices which disgrace humanity. It is war which opens



wide the doors to thieving, pillage, rapine, cruelty, wrathful revenge and all the sins which pollute and destroy the soul; while the wasting sickness, famine and misery which usually follow in its train, show that the judgments of Heaven do not linger.

"I had just been introduced into my first official situation, on which I entered August 25th, 1813. Only two months afterwards, the retreating army of the French from Leipsic, and the whole allied forces of the Germans rushed through the little principality of Frankfort. At first, having no convenient residence in the country, I discharged the duties of my office in the city; but towards the end of October, I was desirous of going my circuit preparatory to rendering in my monthly account, just as the first waves of the French retreat were beginning to dash on us. My travelling equipage consisted of a knapsack, in which I was accustomed to deposit my papers, linen and a book, and a stout knotted staff. Thus furnished, I left Fulda in the morning and proceeded to the neighboring Frauenberg, where I stopped on the first eminence, for the purpose of hastily catching an idea of the features of the French retreat, without an unnecessary loss of time in my own business. I gazed for a little space on the throng, rushing southward along the Leipsic road and through the field-paths. 'Is this then a retreat? Does a flying army look so?' thought I to myself. There were hussars without horses, infantry walking without shoes and limping, one behind another. Some carried a bundle on their broad swords, others empty knapsacks on their backs. Various kinds of weapons and colors of different regiments were confus-

edly mixed together. Hunger and distress changed the watchwords and furnished new badges. One and another had already bartered some part of their uniform for the waistcoat of a peasant. Some wore handkerchiefs bound round their heads, others carried their arms in a sling. The drummer had thrown away his drum; what wonder then, that the ranks could no longer keep step! The stoutest walker was now the foremost man. As for provisions, the officers were now well satisfied to put up with quarters where no wheaten bread nor wine were to be had. Such then was the appearance of the retreat!

I descended the hill towards the valley, and proceeded to the nearest village. With surprise I noticed that the peasants were driving their cattle out of the village over the bare fields, in an upward direction, to the forest. I paused upon my steps to consider. What frightful notion had these ignorant farmers conceived of a retreat? One would have supposed that some terrible tempest was threatening, and that a few heavy drops had already fallen on the noses of these boors. I smiled to myself in great self-complacency, and proceeded on my way. Suddenly, I heard on one side, behind me, a call in a foreign tongue; I turned round, and two Polish cavalry lancers ordered me to halt. One of them dismounted and left me in no long doubt that he was about to ransack me; the contents of my knapsack were shaken out and the linen taken away. While he was searching my pockets, I managed to secrete my watch-guard; and when the worthy soldier was busied in fumbling over my breast and limbs, probably in search of concealed money, I succeeded in drawing in my breath so deeply, as to hide my well beloved watch next my stomach and render it imperceptible to his clumsy fingers. My purse proved

less trusty ; it walked out of my warm pocket, attached itself to the bold Poles and proceeded with them on their retreat. The lancer sprung again to his horse, and the two rode away by a side path, to farther pillage.

This Polish manipulation quickly sharpened my vision. I perceived that a retreat might bring with it much that I had not foreseen, and that the peasants had been wiser than I ; so I returned to the city, and found abundant occasion in the succeeding days to enlarge my superficial ideas concerning a retreating enemy.

It was the day after my adventure with the Poles, that we had the first sight of the Cossacks, preceding the French and proclaiming their approach. A multitude of the citizens poured out of the gate, in the direction towards Leipsic, curious to have a sight of the deliverers. Among them was one, named Lenz, a glazier and painter, who might be said to have given the *varnish* of his own enthusiasm to the sober-minded citizens of Fulda. At the head of his excited companions, he rushed forward to meet the troop, as they rode in through the gate about noon, swung his hat in the air, and shouted with outspread arms, 'Long live our deliverers.' He was soon to find that they could deliver from other things, besides enemies. The crafty troop with their smutty beards and snub noses halted ; 'Father,' cried the foremost rider, 'what o'clock is it ?' Lenz pulled his good watch out of his pocket, that he might give the precise minute. The Cossack stooped down from his horse, and in an instant took possession of the watch. On rode the troop, passing up the street. The glazier, confounded, continued standing on the spot—such a filthy dab on his bright varnish ! He had paid the cost and purchased the

lesson, by which the other citizens might take warning. 'Well,' said he, 'I shall be able to tell my wife at what o'clock the first Cossacks arrived.' It is a peculiarity of the genuine Fuldian, that he is never so witty as just after he has been cheated.

On the evening of that same day, the main stream of the collected French army rolled in. The Cossacks retired. The streets and houses were filled with the flying enemy; the main streets were illumined with pitch-rings\* which cast a deeper shadow over the side streets, where men stumbled in the dark over the sick and dying, or ran foul of emaciated horses without masters. All through the live long night, the rub-a-dub of drums announced the marching in and out of battalions. From every corner resounded curses and vociferations, accompanied by the shrieks of the inhabitants, and cries for help; the momentary intervals of stillness were filled by the moans of those who were exhausted. I continued moving round among the throng, yielding my fancy to the excitement of such unwonted sights, and my heart to the shock of this tremendous tempest. That heart was then so young and buoyant, that it sought to investigate its own sensibility and take the measure of itself, amid these vast sufferings pertaining to strangers. Fortunately my recklessness involved me in no harm, while so many of the citizens who were driven abroad by duty or necessity, came to mischief.

I was deeply moved by the sight of the veteran guard of grenadiers. In the square before the church, around a streaming fire beset with kettles, these proud men stood

\* Rings formed of combustible substances covered with pitch, or rosin, and used either for light or to produce conflagration.



in close groups, with their scarlet shoulder-bands and high bear-skin caps, their arms crossed and earnestly conversing. Thus in former times, after many a battle, had they cooked the sweet fruits of victory; and now, their bitter retreat could not be relishing. Still, however, they maintained the deportment of pampered guests. The sight of them inspirited me; I hastened home, that as a Frenchman, I might drive off the French. Assuming to be an officer in quarters, I repelled with curses every farther attempt of the soldiers on the bolted door of my trembling and despairing landlord. So at last, after midnight, we obtained undisturbed sleep.

In the morning, we were awakened by a shot in the street. The neighbors had chased away a French soldier who was plundering, and the enraged man had fired back on them in his anger. But now, the townsmen rushed after him as he ran along the streets towards his comrades. A maid-servant who was tottering across the street from the fountain, with a full tub of water on her back, in passing by, jerked her left shoulder so in the nick of time, that the whole mass of water was ducked on the retreating man. He tumbled down beneath the inundation. The citizens came up, and mauled him with the rough weapons which they had taken with them from their houses. To the best of my recollection, he never rose again. He was not the only one who was taken up cold, from the pavement. Their own fool-hardy insolence, or the irritation of despair, prepared for many a lodging place by the side of those who sank down in the open street through sickness and exhaustion.

In the course of the day, while the main army was moving through the city, some soldiers broke into our

remote street for the purpose of plunder. They were Poles. A handsome young officer dashed into the houses with his drawn sword, dragged out the plunderers and beat them furiously. They did not defend themselves, yet persisted in constantly turning back to pillage. The officer comported himself like a man in despair at the degradation and lawlessness of his company, which no longer yielded obedience either to his voice or sword. From a distance I could see his vehement gesticulations, but his words were drowned in the ceaseless roar of the war tempest. Wherever the eye was turned, it encountered strange spectacles — scenes of a mighty tragedy, the catastrophe of which was not yet visible, the connection of which could not be perceived ; or to speak more properly, they were waves foaming up to our feet, and then receding into the universal deluge which was rolling over us.

This comparison grew more striking every day. A season of rainy weather succeeded, as soon as the victorious German host following behind the French retreat, had rolled past us. The men, horses and carriages produced such heaps of mud, that every street resembled the slimy bed of a receding river, which leaves on its bank floating filth of all descriptions. But the present inundation also left the sick and dead, huddled together in the hospitals. The infection of a most fearful hospital fever was spread abroad. Like a hungry beast of prey, typhus fever followed in the rear of the army, seeking out distressed, terrified, care-worn, famished, chilled, despairing men. Suffering, either of body or mind, had pervaded all classes of society, and was so manifold, that the pestilence had access to the whole people.

Every day, a rack-wagon carried the bodies out of the city from the hospitals, past the door of my lodgings. Loose straw, the same on which the poor wretches had died, served them for a winding sheet, not indeed sufficing to cover them entirely. Those who had died before night, were conveyed at evening to the grave, in wheelbarrows. Strangers from distant countries, unknown even to one another, were thus promiscuously heaped together in the green turf fronting a quiet German city, without prayers, without tears, and even without a name!

I grew uneasy under the fear of having caught the infection, and pretending business for an excuse, I packed my knapsack, seized my staff and left the city. I now again wandered on the same road as before, over the Frauenberg and down the valley, but with very different reflections and ideas in regard to a retreating enemy. The fresh air and vigorous exercise revived me and inspired me with new courage, for which I had immediate occasion, in an unexpected adventure.

The forest on the way to the nearest village, is a mile in length; no road passes through it, but only a wide, beaten path, which the traveller abandons in swampy places, to make a circuit through the thicket by a narrow foot-way. Just as I was emerging from one of these bends in the centre of the forest into the broad path, I perceived a little a-head of me, a man dressed in the Cossack costume, attended by a large wolf-dog, slowly coming towards me. He strode on with crossed arms and an expectant air, like a highwayman. Just then, I remembered the rumors which had reached me in the city of the insecurity of the roads, and of horrible rob-

beries committed on solitary way-farers. Real Cossacks were hardly to be found any longer in the country, and certainly not alone, and on foot.

Those however, who had visited us, had practised robbery so successfully, that it became quite a fashion with lawless miscreants to assume the Cossack garb, the cloth-cap and sheep-skin, a waist-belt and long beard, with an unwashed face. Lean nags were then to be bought at low prices, or in the interim, before one could be procured, the Cossack on foot, could be enacted with the accompaniment of a shaggy dog.

It was in this manner that the pretended Cossack now met me in the centre of the forest. The worst of it was, that I had no money nor valuables about me, and could therefore the less expect to escape clear of personal injury. The robber could be compensated for assaulting me, by nothing but my winter garments, boots or stockings, unless he should proceed, as was sometimes the case, to my shirt. I had no arms; the man was much stouter than I, and had a wolf-dog. I must confess, that as these reflections occurred to me at the instant, I was any thing but composed. To escape from the highway-man was impossible, for he had seen me, and every one of his long strides brought him nearer. I had remained standing behind a thick oak tree, as if stooping to take something out of my knapsack, but in reality, to recover from my consternation and to listen, in the hope of hearing some traveller in the forest. No traveller arrived, but instead, a bright thought.

I had noticed already that the Cossack carried no fire-arms, and I therefore, now marched towards him with a bolder air. When quite near, I stopped as if for the first



time aware of his presence ; I remained standing for a moment, drew my knapsack forward to my breast from under the left shoulder, put my hand down into it, as if seizing and cocking a pistol, and then walked on with a calm gait. The dog, probably bidden softly to do so, joined me and trotted by my side. I remained standing, brandished my travelling cudgel in my left hand, and ordered the Cossack in a pretty rough tone, to keep his dog to himself. The knave whistled and the dog turned back. We now passed one another, and each suspiciously eyed the other over the left shoulder ; I sheered off as far as I could to the right, apparently to take better aim in case of need. The other saluted me in words of a foreign sound, and I nodded to him over my shoulder. Looking backwards, we still kept one another in sight. He now stood still, as if repenting of having suffered me to pass on un plundered. I did not, however, hasten my steps, but drew up towards a tree with an air of the utmost indifference. The Cossack then moved on and was lost in a bend of the road.

Thus then, by putting my hand into my knapsack, I had outwitted a probably fictitious Cossack, with genuine Russian cunning, which not unfrequently deceives by its bold demonstrations. Laughing at the adventure which had ended so like a jest, I was already disposed to underrate the danger I had incurred, when at the end of the forest, on an eminence over against the neighboring village, a mournful spectacle arrested me. On a ridge of ground close by the way-side, a dead man was lying in his shirt. He had evidently been either murdered and robbed, or was a corpse which had been stripped. I shuddered and passed on. Through the open country,

the road now became less dangerous, though in passing from village to village one rarely met people as formerly.

How was the unexpected guest welcomed in the house of the bailiff, where I had always been received with kindness ! No one had yet ventured to go from thence to the city, and no one had brought tidings thither from the city concerning the circumstances attendant on the passage of the hostile army. How much I had to tell my country friends ! They delighted in my youthful awkwardness, for I narrated as much by my lively gestures, as by words. In this remote spot, they had had no experience of the retreat ; for the rolling deluge had not extended so far sideways from the high road. It was only in the night, under certain directions of the wind, that they had heard the far off rumble of the army. Their inactive, wondering anxiety, tortured by suspense, had been, perhaps, even more oppressive than our doing, seeing, laboring agony. Under these circumstances, the men had resorted to good resolutions, and the women to pious vows, which they now repeated with lightened hearts, after listening to my lively description of so much complicated misery."

L. O.

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A FACT.

A GRAY-HAIRED grandfather, walked with a curly headed child in the green fields on a sunny morning in June. The child was full of frolic and delight, for she could see the tiny white teeth of the young lambs, as

they nibbled the tender grass. "Do you think they hurt the grass?" said the old man, as she gazed; "I know they do," replied the child earnestly, "for the grass cries, and I see the tears on it every morning!" Say rather, oh, beautiful little one, that these are the tears of the angels, that fall every night, alike upon the grass, and on suffering humanity, where it is down-trodden persecuted, and *patient*.  
C. W. H.

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NYMPHIDIA.

THE COURT OF THE FAIRY.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON. A. D. 1600.

[Our older readers will pardon the liberties we have here taken with a classic, for the sake of better adapting to the perusal of our younger ones, the best fairy poem in the language. To bring it within the compass of our small pages, we shall be obliged to omit the less interesting verses. W. P. A.]

FIRST the poem describes to us the fairy king's palace.

This palace standeth in the air,  
By necromancy placed there,  
That it no tempest needs to fear,  
Which way soe'er it blow it;  
And somewhat southward, tow'rd the noon,  
Whence lies a way up to the moon,  
And thence the fairy can as soon  
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,  
Well morticed, and finely laid ;  
He was the master of his trade  
    It curiously that builded ;  
The windows of the eyes of cats ;  
And for the roof, instead of slates,  
It crowned is with skins of bats,  
    With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,  
(Their rest when weary mortals take,  
And none but only fairies wake,)  
    Descendeth for his pleasure ;  
And Mab, the merry queen, by night  
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,  
(In elder times the mare that hight,\*)  
    Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,  
Of little frisking elves and apes,  
To earth do make their wanton scapes,  
    As hope of pastime hastes them ;  
Which maids think on the hearth they see,  
When fires well-near consumed be,  
There dancing hags by two and three,  
    Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,  
By pinching them both black and blue,  
And put a penny in their shoe,  
    The house for cleanly sweeping ;  
And in their courses, make that round,  
In meadows and in marshes found,  
Of them so-called the fairy-ground,  
    Of which they have the keeping.

\* was called.



Now it is the custom among the "little folk," (a custom recorded we believe nowhere but here,) that the fairy who was chosen queen, must marry whomsoever should be chosen king, and in their election they sometimes had not much regard to the likings or dislikings of the pair about to be honored with royalty. This was in the beginning of the reign of the celebrated King Oberon and Queen Mab, who do not seem to have made a very loving couple after they were married. At this time, Queen Mab liked another elf, and Pigwiggen was his unprincely name. Pigwiggen has just given her, as the choicest present he could make, a bracelet made of emmets' eyes, and to avoid the jealousy of Prince Oberon, they agree to meet the next evening, on a distant hill.

"At evening the appointed hour,  
And for the queen a fitting bower,  
Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flower,  
On Hipcut Hill that groweth;  
In all your train there's not a fay,  
That ever went to gather May,  
But she hath made it in her way,  
The tallest there that groweth."

Her chariot ready straight is made;  
Each thing therein is fitting laid,  
That she by nothing may be stay'd,  
For naught must her be letting: \*  
Four nimble gnats her horses were;  
Their harnesses of gossamer;  
Fly Cranion her charioteer,  
Upon the coach-box getting.

\* hindering.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,  
Which for the colors did excel,  
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,  
    So lively was the limning : \*  
The seat the soft wool of the bee ;  
The cover, gallantly to see,  
The wing of a pied butterfly ;  
    I trow 't was simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,  
And daintily made for the nonce ;  
For fear of rattling on the stones  
    With thistle-down they shod it :  
For all her maidens much did fear,  
If Oberon had chanced to hear  
That Mab the queen should have been there  
    He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot in a trice,  
Nor would she stay, for no advice,  
Until her maids, that were so nice,  
    To wait on her were fitted ;  
But ran herself away alone ;  
Which when they heard, there was not one  
But hastened after to be gone,  
    As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop, so clear,  
Pip, and Skip, and Trip, that were  
To Mab their sovereign most dear,  
    Her special maids of honour ;  
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,  
Tick, and Quick, and Jil, and Jin,  
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,  
    The train that wait upon her.

\* Painting.

Upon a grasshopper they got,  
And what with amble and with trot,  
For hedge or ditch they spared not,  
But after her they hie them ;  
A cobweb over them they throw,  
To shield the wind if it should blow ;  
Themselves they wisely could bestow  
Lest any should espy them.

The king, when he finds his destined spouse missing,  
becomes greatly excited.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,  
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,  
And as he runneth here and there  
An acorn cup he getteth ;  
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,  
About his head he lets it walk,  
Nor doth he any creature baulk,\*  
But lays on all he meeteth.

At first, encount'ring with a wasp,  
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,  
As though his breath he forth would grasp,  
Him for Pigwiggen taking ;  
"Where is my Mab, thou rogue ?" quoth he,  
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee ;  
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me" —  
Whereat the poor wasp, quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,  
Content thee, I am no such thing :  
I am a wasp, behold my sting :"  
At which the fairy started ;

\* miss.

When soon away the wasp doth go;  
Poor wretch was never frightened so;  
He thought his wings were much too slow.  
O'erjoyed they were so parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,  
(You must suppose it now was night,)  
Which, for \* her hinder part was bright,  
He took to be a devil;  
And furiously doth her assail,  
For carrying fire in her tail;  
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail;  
The mad king feared no evil.

Oh! quoth the glow-worm, "hold thy hand,  
Thou puissant king of fairy-land;  
Thy weighty strokes who may withstand;  
Hold or of life despair I;"  
Together then herself doth roll,  
And tumbling down into a hole,  
She seemed as black as any coal;  
Which vexed away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive;  
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,  
And down their combs begins to rive,  
All likely to have spoiled;  
Which with their wax his face besmeared,  
And with their honey daubed his beard;  
It would have made a man affeared,  
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:  
He met an ant, which he bestrides,  
And post thereon away he rides,  
Which with his haste doth stumble;



And came full over on her snout,  
Her heels so threw the dirt about ;  
For she by no means could get out,  
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,  
And all beslurried head and face,  
On runs he in this wild-goose chase ;  
As here and there he rambles,  
Half-blind against a mole-hill hit,  
And for a mountain taking it,  
For all he was out of his wit,  
Yet to the top he scrambles :

And being gotten to the top,  
Yet there himself he could not stop,  
But down on t'other side doth chop,  
And to the foot came tumbling :  
So that the grubs therein that bred,  
Hearing such turmoil overhead,  
Thought surely they had all been dead,  
So fearful was the rumbling.

And falling down into a lake,  
Which him up to the neck doth take,  
His fury it doth somewhat slake ;  
He calleth for a ferry ;  
Where you may some recovery note ;  
What was his club he made his boat,  
And in his oaken cup doth float,  
As safe as in a wherry.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal  
He meeteth Puck, which most men call  
Hob-goblin, and on him doth fall,  
With words from frenzy spoken ;

Hoh ! hoh ! quoth Hob, "Jove save thy grace,  
Who dressed thee in this perilous case ?  
He thus that spoil'd my sovereign's face  
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a screaming dolt,  
Still walking like a ragged colt,  
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,  
Of purpose to deceive us ;  
And leading us, makes us to stray,  
Long winter nights, out of the way,  
And when we stick in mire and clay,  
He doth with laughter leave us :

Oberon orders him to join in the search, and we shall soon hear what befel poor Puck.

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,  
But I will thorough thick and thin,  
Until at length I bring her in ;  
My dearest lord ne'er doubt it ;  
Through brake, through brier,  
Through muck, through mire,  
Through water, through fire,"  
And thus goes Puck about it.

Nymphidia is hidden near, and overhears them, and "swift as an arrow from a bow" she goes to tell her mistress. -

The queen, bound with love's pow'ful charm,  
Sat with Pigwiggen arm in arm ;  
Her merry maids that thought no harm,  
About the room were skipping ;

A humble-bee their minstrel played  
Upon his hautboy ; every maid  
Fit for this revel was array'd,  
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

At Nymphidia's news, there is a great scampering,  
for Hob hath a sharp and piercing sight. "All one to  
him the day and night," — but no one knows where to  
hide.

At length one chanced to find a nut,  
In th' end of which a hole was cut,  
Which lay upon a hazel root,  
There scatter'd by a squirrel ;  
Who out the kernel gotten had ;  
When, quoth the fay, "Dear queen, be glad ;  
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,  
I'll set you safe from peril :

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,  
"Come closely in, be ruled by me ;  
Each one may here a chuser be ;  
For room we need not wrestle ;  
Nor need ye be together heapt ;"  
So one by one therein they crept,  
And lying down they soundly slept,  
As safe as in a cradle.

Nymphidia, seeing Puck approaching, finds it neces-  
sary to cast a spell about him.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow ;  
The kernel of the misletoe ;  
And here and there, as Puck should go,  
With terror to affright him,

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The kernel of the misletoe ;  
And here and there, as Puck should go,  
With terror to affright him,

The night-shade strews to work him ill,  
Therewith her vervain and her dill,  
That hindreth witches of their will,  
Of purpose to despise him.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,  
Which at both ends was rooted deep,  
And over it three times doth leap,  
Her magic much availing;  
Then on Proserpina doth call,  
And so upon her spell doth fall,  
Which here to you repeat I shall,  
Not in one tittle failing.

“ By the croaking of the frog,  
By the howling of the dog,  
By the crying of the hog  
Against the storm arising;  
By the evening curfew-bell,  
By the doleful dying knell,  
O let this my direful spell,  
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

By the whirlwind's hollow sound,  
By the thunder's dreadful round,  
Yells of spirits under ground,  
I charge thee not to fear \* us;  
By the screech-owl's dismal note,  
By the black night-raven's throat,  
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat  
With thorns, if thou come near us.”

Her spell thus spoke, she crept aside  
And in a chink herself doth hide,

\* frighten.

To see thereof what would betide ;  
 For she doth only mind him ;  
 When presently she Puck espies,  
 And well she marked his gloating eyes,  
 How under every leaf he pries,  
 In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,  
 The charms to work do straight begin,  
 And he was caught as in a gin ;  
 For as he thus was busy,  
 A pain he in his head-piece feels,  
 Against a shibbed tree he reels,  
 And up went poor Hob-goblin's heels ;  
 Alas his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets ;  
 Hob-goblin fumes, Hob-goblin frets,  
 And as again he forward sets,  
 And through the bushes scrambles,  
 A stump doth trip him in his pace,  
 Down comes poor Hob upon his face,  
 And lamentably tore his case,  
 Amongst the briars and brambles.

A plague upon Queen Mab, quoth he,  
 And all her maids, where'er they be ;  
 I think the devil guided me  
 To seek her so provoked ;  
 When, stumbling at a piece of wood,  
 He fell into a ditch of mud,  
 Where to the very chin he stood,  
 In danger to be choked,

Now worse than e'er he was before,  
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,  
That waked Queen Mab, who doubted sore  
Some treason had been wrought her;  
Until Nymphidia told the queen,  
What she had done, what she had seen,  
Who then had well-nigh cracked her spleen,  
With very extreme laughter.

King Oberon meantime is still rushing about, seeking in vain for his promised queen. Pigwiggen too has lost his lady, and as he runs about in search of her, he loudly defies his rival.

And quickly arms him for the field;  
A little cockle-shell his shield,  
Which he could very bravely wield,  
Yet could it not be pierced;  
His spear a bent, \* both stiff and strong.  
And well near of two inches long;  
The point was of a horse-fly's tongue,  
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,  
Which was formed of a fishes' scale,  
That when his foes should him assail,  
No point should be prevailing;  
His rapier was a hornet's sting;  
It was a very dangerous thing,  
For if he chanced to hurt the king,  
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,  
Most horrible and full of dread,

\* A stiff grass.



That able was to strike one dead ;  
 Yet it did well become him ;  
 And for a plume, a horse's hair,  
 Which being tossed by the air,  
 Had force to strike his foe with fear,  
 And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,  
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,  
 So off and high he did curvet,  
 Ere he himself could settle ;  
 He made him turn, and stop, and bound,  
 To gallop, and to trot the round,  
 He scarce could stand on any ground,  
 He was so full of mettle.

Pigwiggen soon meets Tomalin, and by him sends  
 the king a challenge to single combat.

Say to him thus, That I defy  
 His slanders and his infamy,  
 And as a mortal enemy  
 Do publicly proclaim him ;  
 Withal that if I had mine own,  
 He should not wear the fairy crown,  
 But with a vengeance should come down,  
 Nor we a king should name him.

The loyal Tomalin, shocked at his disrespect, posts  
 away to deliver his message. The king is very wroth.

Quoth he, Go Tomalin with speed,  
 Provide me arms, provide me steed,  
 And every thing that I shall need ;  
 By thee I will be guided ;

To strait account call thou thy wit,  
In these be wanting not a whit;  
In every thing see thou me fit,  
Jus as my foe's provided.

Mab soon hears of the impending combat, and hastens to Queen Proserpine to get her to prevent it. Meantime the two warriors meet.

Stout Tomalin came with the king;  
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring;  
That perfect were in everything,  
To single fight belonging;  
And therefore they themselves engage  
To see them exercise their rage,  
With fair and comely equipage,  
Not one the other wronging.

Their seconds minister an oath,  
Which was indifferent to them both,  
That on their knightly faith and troth,  
No magic them supplied;  
And sought them that they had no charms,  
Wherewith to work each other harms,  
But came with simple open arms,  
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,  
That to the ground came horse and man;  
The blood out of their helmets span,  
So sharp were their encounters;  
And though they to the earth were thrown,  
Yet quickly they regained their own;  
Such nimbleness was never shown;  
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again  
 They forward came with might and main,  
 Yet which had better of the twain,  
     The seconds could not judge yet;  
 Their shields were into pieces cleft,  
 Their helmets from their heads were reft,  
 And to defend them nothing left,  
     These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw;  
 Their cruel swords they quickly drew,  
 And freshly they the fight renew,  
     They every stroke redoubled;  
 Which made Proserpina take heed,  
 And make to them the greater speed,  
 For fear lest they too much should bleed,  
     Which wondrously her troubled.

When to the infernal Styx she goes;  
 She takes the fogs from thence that rose,  
 And in a bag doth them enclose,  
     When well she had them blended;  
 She hies her then to Lethe spring,  
 A bottle and thereof doth bring,  
 Wherewith she meant to work the thing  
     Which only she intended.

There, attended by Mab, she goes to the battle-field,  
 and there, letting out the fog from its bag, involves them  
 in such a cloud that they cannot see each other. She  
 then commands them to tell her their quarrel, but first,  
 pretending that they are hot, she orders them to drink  
 of her bottle.

    This Lethe water you must know,  
     The memory destroyeth so,

That of our weal or of our wo  
It all remembrance blotteth,  
Of it nor can you ever think ;  
And they no sooner took this drink,  
But nought into their brains could sink  
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had  
That he for jealousy ran mad,  
But of his queen was wondrous glad,  
And asked how they came thither ;  
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget  
That he Queen Mab had ever met,  
Or that they were so hard beset  
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought  
That e'er they had each other sought,  
Much less that they a combat fought,  
But such a dream was loathing ;  
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,  
And Tomalin scarce kissed the cup,  
Yet 't had their brains so sure locked up,  
That they remembered nothing.

Queen Mab and her gay maids the while  
Amongst themselves do closely smile,  
To see the king caught with this wile,  
With one another jesting ;  
And to the fairy-court they went,  
With mickle joy and merriment,  
Which thing was done with good intent ;  
And there I left them feasting.



## TRUE COURAGE.

WHICH FORBIDS TO STRIKE OR RETURN A BLOW.

[Continued.]

WHILE Ned thus hesitated, Tom, confiding in his superior strength, and rendered desperate by the number of boys enclosing him on every side, kept saying the most taunting and provoking things possible. At length Ned turned round to Frank and said, "Howard, I dare not fight, for I know it is wrong."

"Now, upon my word," said Frank, greatly disappointed, "that is too bad; it is all owing to that book-worm, Bruce. He will make a coward of *you*, I see, as well as of himself."

"Nay, nay, Howard," said Ned, much relieved to have to speak of his friend instead of himself; "you know he is not a coward. You yourself said you should like to know him; and I am sure you would not like to know a coward."

"Well, well, perhaps you are right," replied he; "but, Ned, you *must* fight this time, or every body will believe that you are afraid of Tom, and you will be shunned and laughed at by all the boys, and I am sure you could not bear that."

At this moment, Tom, who could not hear what Frank was saying, began to fear that *he* was going to be his opponent instead of Ned. He would not have fought Howard on any account, for he was the best fighter in the school; so, seeing a temporary opening in the crowd of boys, he shouted out, "You see I am right; he dare

tell tales to the master, but he dare not fight;" and, bounding through the opening, was soon out of sight.

The boys closed round Ned for a few moments, some pretending to pity him for having been threatened by such a tall fellow, and some bantering him on his clever mode of getting off. Frank said nothing, but he looked so grieved and disappointed that poor Ned could scarcely restrain the tears that rushed to his eyes. He tried to speak to Frank, but was cut short by the remark, "I would rather you had said at once that you were afraid of so big a boy, than that you had made excuses for your cowardice."

"Oh, Howard, do hear me," cried Ned, as Frank hastily walked from him.

But Frank went on, merely turning round to say, "Don't talk to me now, Ned, I am too angry and disappointed to listen to you."

His playmates were all gone, and when Frank followed them, Ned was quite left alone in the large playground. Here he stood, for several minutes, anxiously reviewing his conduct; sometimes fancying that this might be a case where it would not be very wrong to fight, and then recurring to the remembrance of his father's countenance which seemed to smile on his efforts to do right. At length he looked up, and to his astonishment, found his friend Robert standing by his side.

"The very thing I should like best," said Ned in his glad surprise, "would be, to talk to you, Robert."

"Then we are both agreed," replied he; "for I came on purpose to have a chat with you. I waited outside till all the boys were gone, and not finding you among them, I thought I would peep in here; and, lo!

there you were, looking like Contemplation herself. But now tell me, as we walk home, how you and Tom are going on."

"Oh, Robert, we are going to be enemies, I fear, and I never thought I should have an enemy," said Ned.

"You cannot help his calling you his enemy, if he likes to do so," replied Robert; "but you can help *being* his enemy, you know."

"So I can, and I hope I shall," said Ned; "but he has been saying such very wrong and untrue things about me, that he made me very angry, and I longed to fight him. I feel sure I should have beaten him, because mine was the right cause and his the wrong."

"But you did not even strike him?" said Robert, anxiously.

"No, Bob, but I had hard work to help it."

"That's my own Ned," said Robert with enthusiasm; "now indeed have you conquered him and yourself too. There is some glory, I see, to be acquired at school, that one cannot get at home, and I think you are quite a hero."

"The boys don't think me so," said Ned, in a dejected tone.

"Perhaps they will, by and bye; but I can tell you who will *now* — your father and mother; and surely their opinion is worth more than that of the boys at school!"

"It was the recollection of what they would wish, that gave me courage to refuse," said Ned; "but, oh, Robert, how I wish you could make Frank Howard think as you do. He looked so coldly on me, and seemed so surprised and hurt, that I fear there is no chance of his liking me any longer."

"Well, Ned, my father often says to me, 'Act so as to *deserve* the approbation of your friends; and then, even if no one understands your motives, you have that peace of mind which is better than all besides.'"

"I understand what you mean, Robert; but, indeed, when you go to school, you will find it impossible to be happy without being liked by the boys."

"Certainly," said Robert, "it would be much pleasanter to be loved by every body; but that makes no difference in the right and wrong of the matter, does it, Ned?"

"I suppose not," said Edward.

"Then do not trouble yourself about it, Ned. If you are quite sure that it would have been wrong to fight, and you have been able to resist the temptation to do so, you must rejoice in having done what is right, and wait patiently for the time when your schoolfellows will understand why you refused."

"Ah, Robert," said Ned, "it is very easy for you who do not go to school, to see clearly what is right, and to think that it must be a very simple thing to do it; but I assure you it is very difficult to bear the scorn of such a boy as Frank Howard. But what an ungrateful fellow I am to talk so much of my troubles, and to forget the comfort of having such a friend as you, Robert, who can understand me, and will kindly help me to bear the contempt of my schoolfellows. And papa and mamma, too, if they are pleased with me, I shall be quite ashamed of having complained that I was not loved when I tried to do right. Will you come with me, Robert, to see how little Thompson is to-day?"

Robert gladly accompanied him, and they found, to



their great joy, that he was very much better, and hoped to be allowed to see Edward in a day or two.

When Ned got home and told his mother all that had happened, he felt that her approval was indeed well worth all the efforts he had made to obtain it. You may imagine how happy he felt when she said, "This will be a pleasant story to tell papa when he returns. He has often feared that you would not be able to resist the persuasion of your schoolfellows to do that which was wrong ; now he will no longer doubt your resolution."

I forgot to tell you how differently Ned had behaved to his sister since his first thorough understanding with his mother. He had been more gentle and kind, and more desirous of joining in her amusements, and to-night he felt particularly anxious to talk to her, and tell her some of the events of the last two months. So, after tea, he asked Emily to go with him into a room by themselves, and though he began his story by saying, "I do not know whether you can understand me, Emily," he found that she had understood him perfectly, and had seen from the first, how much afraid he was of being laughed at by the boys.

"I thought you would be your own self again, some day, dear Ned," said she ; "and now you see I was right : and you will sometimes draw with me, and sing with me, and, perhaps, even walk with me, will you not, Edward ? I have missed you sadly, but mamma said, 'Wait a little while, my dear, and I trust that Edward will love us all again as well as ever.'"

"More, Emily, ten times more," said Ned, bursting into tears ; "how kind you all were to bear so patiently with my naughtiness."

The brother and sister, thus restored to each other, went hand and hand into the parlor, and their mother saw that all was right again.

For the next two days, Tom carefully avoided coming near Edward. He was not sorry for this ; but he found, to his grief, that not only Tom, but all the rest of his schoolfellows, even Frank, seemed to shun him. At the close of the second day, he went, according to promise, to call again on little Joe, and found that he was so much better, as to be allowed to see his schoolfellow. Edward was very glad of this permission, and Joe was delighted to see him.

"How kind you have been," said he, "in coming so often to inquire after me. I have wished very much to see you, but mamma said it would do me harm. There is one thing I particularly wanted to say to you, Graham, and yet I am almost afraid I shall displease you, but I have thought so much about it while I was very ill, that I cannot help telling you. The night that I was run over, I had gone from school, feeling very uncomfortable, and very much afraid of being alone in the dark, and it may have been a fancy — but I thought I saw you, Graham, and another boy, just before it all happened. The gas-light shone full on your face, so that I thought I could not be wrong."

"I dare say you did see me," replied Ned, "for I was very near your house that night."

"Oh, Graham, I hoped I was mistaken. But, surely it was not you who made such frightful noises, two or three times?"

"No, indeed, Joe ; I was hastening after you, to ask you whether you would like me to walk home with you."

"How glad I am, how very glad I am," said the little fellow, in a joyous tone; "I could not bear to think it was you; for do you know it was the fright of those noises that made me run across the road, without looking? I knew you would be so distressed if you thought you had been the cause of this accident, and I wanted to see you, that I might tell you I had said nothing about it to mamma, and that I forgave you, if you were the boy who had frightened me."

As Ned looked at the little fellow with his pale face, suffused by a sweet smile as he said this, and thought of the suffering he had endured since their last interview, he wondered how any one could be so cruel as to tease and frighten one who was so gentle and kind. Joe then asked some questions about school, after which, Ned, who had been warned not to stay too long, got up to go. "I think, Graham," said Joe in a low voice, "I think I know who it was that frightened me, for he so often teases me when I am alone, and without Frank to protect me: but I had better not say his name. I think even *he* will be sorry to have caused me so much pain. If you know who he is, Graham, will you tell him I forgive him, for I do not think he meant to do me so much harm, when he tried to frighten me."

"I will tell him, Joe," said Ned, "and if this does not prevent his ever frightening or teasing you again, he must be worse than I have yet thought him."

"Come and see me again," said the little fellow, "when we may talk longer, for it makes me feel better to see you."

The next day Edward found an opportunity of delivering Joe's message, though he did not much like speak-

ing to Tom after what had happened. Tom was touched for a moment by the child's forgiveness, while he was still suffering from his cruel treatment, but he quickly said, "Of course *you* told him."

"I did not tell him, Tom," said Ned, and hastily left him.

(To be concluded in next No.)

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A PIOUS mother, about sixty years since, had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource she placed a Bible in his chest with the prayer to God for His blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer; but the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time after, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor. He had in his possession a Bible which he said was given to him by a dying shipmate, who expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was written the name of "John Marshall, a pious mother's prodigal son."

#### A MOTHER'S GIFT.

##### A BIBLE.

Remember love, who gave thee this,  
When other days shall come,  
When she who had the earliest kiss  
Sleeps in her narrow home,  
Remember 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she'd die to save.



That mother sought a pledge of love,  
The noblest for her son,  
And from the gifts of God above  
She chose a goodly one,  
She chose for her beloved boy  
The source of love and light and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when  
The parting hour should come,  
They might have hope to meet again  
In an eternal home,  
She said his faith in that would be  
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,  
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,  
And bid him cast the pledge aside,  
That he from youth had borne ;  
She bid him pause, and ask his breast,  
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son,  
Goes with this holy thing ;  
The love that would retain the one,  
Must to the other cling ;  
Remember ! 'tis no idle toy,  
A mother's gift — remember, boy !

[Sailor's Magazine.]

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THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

I WATCHED her as I sat at work,  
My lovely infant child, —  
And blessed her placid, fair white brow,  
Her eyes so soft and mild.

I marked the dove tones of her voice,  
Her quiet, winning ways,  
And saw how full of tender love,  
Were little Mary's plays.

At length she stood up by my side,  
Leaving her playthings small,  
And murmured softly, "Now I'll play,  
Poor little beggar girl!"

Then taking up a tiny shawl,  
She threw it o'er her head,  
Timidly lisping — "Will you please  
Give me a piece of bread?"

With basket on her round white arm,  
With fair and dimpled face,  
Like a sweet image there she stood,  
In touching childish grace.

Not heeding much her saddening brow,  
"Poor little girl!" I said,  
"And is your mother hungry too,  
And does she want some bread?"

Quickly the shawl and basket fell,  
Sad tears were on her cheek;  
And sitting down, she sobbed and cried,  
As though her heart would break.

Dear pitying angel! had she lived  
Where want and sorrow roam,  
How many weary wandering souls,  
Had found in her their home!

But *had* she lived, how frequently,  
She might have sought in vain,  
For the sweet tear of pitying love,  
To soothe her own heart's pain.

We bless our God that she is now  
On that celestial shore,  
Where little beggar girls and boys  
Shall roam in want no more.

Mid pastures green, by waters clear,  
The sweet lambs *all* are led,  
The gentle shepherd feedeth them,  
With his own heavenly bread.